





pep of solitude!"

We drove on down a quaint village street with rows of very old gabled cottages, which lead to the river close beside the Castle. We went to the last of these cottages, a most charming place some hundred of years old, its red gables & small leaded windows peeping out of masses of creepers, amongst which the Virginia Shrub in brilliant tints. The garden with its tall rows of holly hocks & dahias, bordered the river & commanded a lovely view of the Castle & the ruined arches of an ancient bridge, which nature had endeavoured to make her own, by casting over it her mantle of grass & ferns & bushes. Now Miss sitting pitched her camp to finish a sketch she had begun. I went back up the street & placed myself & all my paraphernalia in an archway, where I got a magnificent view of the

Keep - irregularly framed by the ~~few~~ branches of great firs & other trees. It was such a splendid subject that it made me quite nervous, knowing I could not do justice to it. However the perspective of its many curves soon steadied me. I was going it in water colour which I find more easy to handle than I did. By the time I had finished drawing it, it was time for lunch, which we took in the garden by the river. There the light was much the prettiest in the morning. I decided to go another morning to finish my sketch & to go & see the inside of the Castle which we had thought at first to leave till another time. The Castle is in splendid preservation & the Earl of Merich lives there, but the family are not at all wealthy & the state apartments and grounds are always on view to the general public on